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Vol. 1
No. 5



Contents

are under pressure!!

1. F.O.G. Letter
2. Summer Swimm'in
by Carrie Walker
3. 1982 Fair
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5. TEXAS PETE'S Hot Sauce
6. NEW BOOK SERIES
Noti Fication

"PAGE Numbers are For Bourgeois
Fools" - JAMES R. SHIRES my
Father & "Fellow traveller"

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AIR CONDITIONING CONTROL SYSTEMS

JULY 1957

South Knoxville Illuminated Gazetteer Volume One - Number Five
- IS A SEETHING CAULDRON OF POLITICAL UNREST -
CHRONICLING THE
ODD/MUNDANE/FORGOTTEN/OVERLOOKED & IGNORED
ECCENTRICITIES OF THIS GEOGRAPHY SINCE 2006. FIRMLY
BELIEVING THAT ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN SITTING ON
YOUR ASS.

July/August/September 2007 - hottest/humidest/sweatingest damn
months of the year.

I make fifty of these issues ^{they} usually cost around \$1.20 an issue.
Then add on money for fancy envelopes and postage fees and what
have you. Luckily a few of you have seen fit to slide some donations
my way, it's much appreciated. Nothing like a monetary "attaboy" to
make the ^{SUN} shine a little more beneficently upon my golden
countenance. I'm a big fan of the color cover. I feel it adds an air of
professionalism and joviality to my meager publication. For better or
worse everything in this rag is designed and written by yours truly
with the exception of the required guest article. Also if you would
like to contribute to my diatribe please do so. It will more than
likely be published, my standards are nonexistent and most of the
guest articles get the best reviews anyway. Interested in back issues?
Drop me a line I'll see what I can do. If you would like to see me
print more than the requisite fifty copies send some stamps,
envelopes, paper, money, beavers, sneakers, or beef jerky to my
South Knoxville Fortress Headquarters Command Post.

SOUTH KNOXVILLE ILLUMINATED GAZETTEER

401 Maple Loop Rd
Knoxville TN 37920

IT'S SKILLET LINK'IN GOOD

LETTER TO THE LEGIONS OF F.O.G (Friends of Garry beneficence society)

Howdy, how ya'll doing? I'm just about worn the hell out
to be honest. Today, I did my first trail run. It was
down....I mean up at Haw Ridge in Oak Ridge. Seven mile
loop trail lots of hills, roots, rocks, busted bridges, man
traps, rusty glass, broken nails, and other such devises
designed to twist, turn, and otherwise mutilate healthy
ankles and joints. The humidity was way on up there,
luckily it was overcast and threatening to rain like hell
most of the time. Thank mighty Shiva it didn't. I only fell

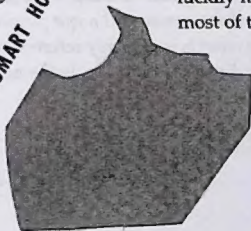


The late Red Higgins,
well-known guide
and outfitter, sights
his Army compass
on landmark. Good
compasses usually
have simple sighting
devices that help
you check direction
fast and accurately.

1. -innies returned farmer
out, as I p
salesman.

holding the
for the
you see
with a bin

HILLER'S AERIAL SEDAN
-your flying car for 1967-page 74
Stand by for Satellite Take-Off!
Owners Report: OLDSMOBILE
HOW TO OUTSMART HOUSEBREAKERS



once or twice and failed to twist anything too bad. I sweated way more than a whore in church. Essentially top to bottom....sweating like a river of biblical deluging proportions. Noah would have been so proud. It was so awesome, especially the last hill, everybody walking so here I go screw it slow and steady legs burning and I'm like damn this is really killing my ass, but to the top I did make it. Needless to say the finish line was anticlimactic compared to this small victory, but the hot homemade salsa and free beer was not. The end of the race was awesome. Everybody standing around in a field eating hot dogs, drinking beers, talking, kids running around playing in the green, lush, verdant grass, parents making feeble attempts to rein them in. Began to chat up a nice looking representation of the female species, it seemed to be going o.k. lots of laughs, pleasantries and what not. GWS- "Oh, are you from Oak Ridge?" Female, "No, I live in West Knoxville, it's awesome I live in the middle of the happening spot, for me anyway... the mall, shops, the my eyes suddenly began to glaze over and her voice began to sound like the parental units on an episode of "Peanuts" Muuu Waa Waaa Waaa. I hate West Knoxville, for me it symbolizes the very evil of suburban sprawl and mindless consumer culture. Quickly, I excused myself from this encounter. Meanwhile everybody else was just enjoying a moment in this beautiful wide-open space. I rejoined them with a sense of urgency. Later, Brian said, "I can't believe you didn't notice the diamond earrings." Obviously I have a lot to learn.

This August I journeyed down to Camp Lejune in Jacksonville NC. It was a pleasant two week stay that afforded me the opportunity to practice my Naval Officer stuff. You my ask or exclaim Oh you're a Naval Officer, much like Richard Gere in Officer and a Gentleman or perhaps you favor Maverick from Top Gun. Charlie Sheen of Navy Seals fame (who remembers that POS). Despite everyone's attempts at molding me into the image of a Hollywood superstar. I resist. Sure I have an awesome uniform complete with ribbons and shiny metal. Yea, I'm a fiend for a sharp crease and a spit polished shoe. To be honest I'm what is commonly referred to as a "staff puke". Essentially, I'm a support guy, in the back lines/hospitals



五千円

千両銀



Y634832F

RESTRICTION
allowance begins 9500'
9. 114°W without ATC
details, see appropriate

A composite image showing a map of a rural area. The map features a road with a dashed center line, a building with a chimney, and a large tree in the foreground. The map includes labels such as "buildings", "17", "1417", "921", and "SAUER". A scale bar is visible at the top right.

Garry W. Shores – AKA lil'puddin

Summer Swimmin' by Carrie Walker

Sunday afternoon. A full day of cleaning house and I'm standing there with sweat slowly blooming from my pores. I need water. Cold water. Immersion into cold-ass water. I call friend #1. No dice. Friend #2. No answer. Fuckit, I say, and pull on my one-piece. I leave Knoxville at 5:30. It's a 45 minute drive out to the Y, a place where the Little River meets another and makes for great swimming. It's just past Townsend in the Smokies (town's end I realized, today) but because of its location on such a main road, it attracts its share of tourists, as well.

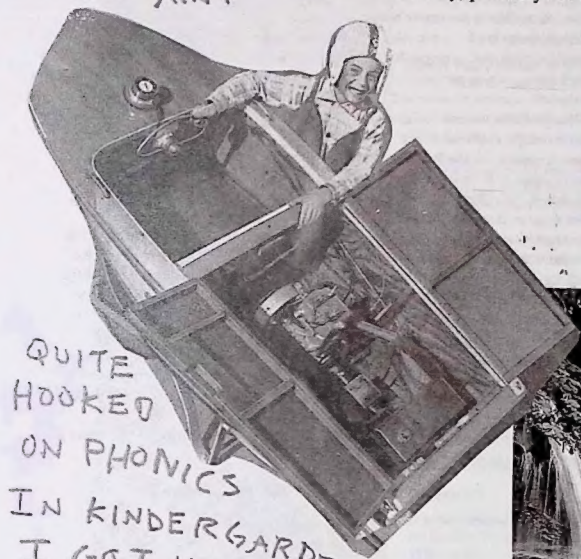
First off there is nowhere to park. It's late enough in the day that the tubers should be returning their rentals, but with all the daylight left at that hour they're not so motivated. Eventually I find a space and check out the two main areas. The first has a jumping area—rather, a steep rock the park service has blatantly deemed **UNSAFE FOR JUMPING**. About 4 boys are on that, yelling to their friends in camp chairs across the way about how chicken they are.

The second area is where I have always swam (swum?). There is also a big rock but not nearly as steep. It's much more picturesque, too, but as I walk closer to the water the smell of old puke sours the view. Luckily, a woman is smoking a cigarette nearby and that masks the smell. I dive in. **COLD?** Yes. But not a cold as I remember. I guess with enough bodies around they flatten the chill, collectively. Fishy, too, but not as fishy as lake water. River fishy is cleaner. Stonier, less scummy. There are as many people swimming in the second area as the first. I swim to the other side and stand, just looking at the wall of green that towers in the near distance and the sunlight hanging in a kind of mist around each tree. Then a man says to me "The water's pretty, isn't it?" I nod. He's a pale, balding middle aged man sitting in the water up to his neck, and he reminds me of a toad waiting for its next meal. His niece or stepdaughter or whoever across the way says "you think she's pretty, don't you?" and then they are talking about me as if I can't hear them. Michigan. 30% of Smoky mountain tourists are from Michigan and from the way he said "water" I can tell. I stare at a group of bees drinking up the remnants of a poured-out soda and then catch sight of a piece of driftwood rocking back and forth at the bottom of the water. It's caught in the two currents of the Y and can't decide which way to go. I dive in. That's when I notice the greasiness of the water. Sunscreen. Has to be. The water is never greasy.



By the 7 HELLS
OF THE GREAT INFERNO
AVAST YEA
BYZANTINE
VARMIT & MUSK-
RATS REARED
By UNWED
SCHOOLTEACHERS
THAT AINT

I swim past people in the water wearing jeans, a fat kid fishing, a snorkeller, a golden brown blonde in her new polka-dot bikini waiting for her boyfriend to finish blowing up the raft, and back to the other side. I look again at the mountains, the sunlight, and the stone bridge and it makes me want to drive out to other national parks. It makes me want to be outside more, but not around these people (as if other parks don't have tourists. I'd be one, anyway). This is a great place to swim, actually. You never have to wash this water off your body. It makes you feel clean, already. I'd hoped for more emptiness, but better to go early. 9 or 10 am. Any day but Saturday, probably. Or Sunday afternoon.



QUITE
HOOKED
ON PHONICS
IN KINDERGARDEN
I GOT HOOKED IN THE
EYE ON PHONICS
I STILL
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
THOSE



Pint-Sized Runabout

Proudest sailor afloat is a nine-year-old boy of Lakewood, Calif. The lad's father, H. R. Brakensiek, an aircraft worker, built his son a pint-sized inboard runabout that zips along at 30 miles per hour. The little craft is powered by a converted 7½-horsepower bilge pump. Weighing only 140 pounds, it is so small it can be moved on a wheelbarrow.

CONT. →

THE 1982 WORLD'S FAIR

MAY-OCTOBER, 1982 KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE USA

1982 WORLDS FAIR REMEMBERED

The 1982 Worlds Fair both boom and bane to the citizens past and present of Knoxville. For me the fair represents the great might have. I might have gone if my parents had felt like it. Felt like paying for entrance fees, exhorbant hotel fees, parking fees, car getting towed cause there are no other places to park fees, fees for bottled water. Oh and, "No you can't bring your own fried chicken and potato salad and eat in the parking lot like you do at Opry-Land." Damn, who the hell would go after all that fuss, and we ain't even left the driveway yet.

The Worlds Fair has definitely left its mark on me in many ways. Fashion-wise I frequently sport my prized belt-buckle. With the Sunsphere boldly emblazoned upon its surface it has surely become a trademark item of my wardrobe.

Compliments are frequent. Also, I enjoy wearing my reproduction t-shirts. They may not be as cool as originals, but who cares. Chris King of Knoxville Skate Park fame is a true genius. He purchased the fair trademark logo at a City of Knoxville auction for around \$35. With the power of the trademark firmly behind him he resurrected the now iconic Worlds Fair T-shirt! You can find these delight shirts on-line, at the Disc Exchange, and at West Town Mall. I also have a passion for the Sunsphere that has burned unabated in my heart for the past decade or so since my arrival in my adopted hometown.

However, I do wonder if perhaps the fair did mess things up a bit. For instance, lets suppose that none of that money had been available to revitalize the downtown area and park site. Many building of interest would have ceased to be "revitalized". Meaning the heart of historic Knoxville would possibly have been left intact with redevelopment taking a slower more nuanced pace. Instead of the cheap-rent housing that still speckles Sherrod Road we would have a few more old Victorian Homes and more fully preserved a very historic neighborhood to boot. Market Square might yet resemble the bustling thoroughfare of the 19th century than the tree dotted concrete slab it does today.

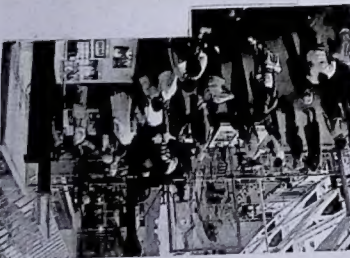
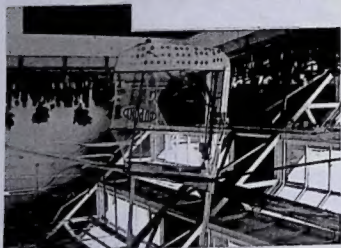
All that said, I'm not one to complain lets celebrate this 25th anniversary event with fury and the gusto it deserves. I for one will be hoisting beers all year long in outrageous commemoration. Being a fan of the fair one cannot help but accumulate the flotsam and jet sum of those halcyon days. Below you will find a short list of my collection.

Garry's 1982 Worlds Fair Collection

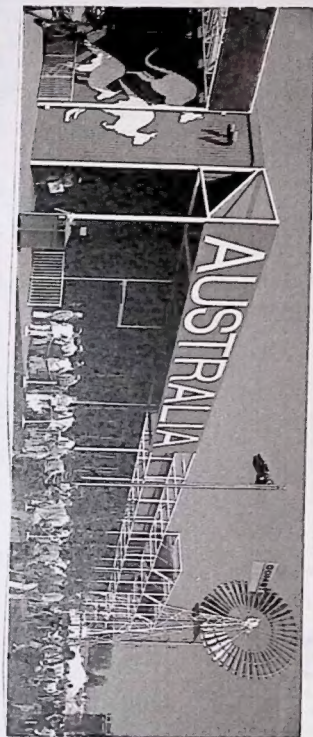
Ashtray
Shot Glass
Money Clip
Porcelain Collector Plate
Ceramic Wall Hanging Thing
Pocket Knife x2
Coffee Mug
Ball Cap
Original T-Shirt
Plastic Cups
Postcards
Spoon
Stamps
Poster

Lucite Paper Weight
Cigarette Lighter (gave it to my brother in law)
Pillow with a Smurf on it
Belt Buckles (2)

Flag a standard size flag which is so cool I found it at the Habitat Thrift Store!!!!



LITTLE DOTS
OVER THE "Ü"
MEAN, DAMN
IT GROWING



UP IN COWAN
MY DADDY
USED TO TELL
LOTS OF
STORIES
ABOUT
STEALING

Drinking glasses - bunch of them
1982 Worlds Fair Cookbook
Can of Worlds Fair Beer - Unopened

The following is an exhausting interview with Norris Dryer. Norris is originally from somewhere around Indiana, Iowa, Ohio or maybe even Minnesota. I know he probably told me where he was from but I can't recall it at the moment. Anyway, he's been living down here in Knoxville longer than I've been drinking beer. Norris plays violin for the Knoxville Symphony Orchestra and is retired from WUOT, our local Knoxville NPR affiliate. Norris is the go-to-man for the Knoxville Green Party. He has run for several public offices including Sheriff, Drug Czar, County Clerk, EJ Presidente of 4th and Gill neighborhood association. Norris is currently semi-retired, freeing up time for his numerous "pet" projects. Often you will see him tooling around down-town in his awesome vintage Volkswagon THING.

Norris with palpable trepidation - We'll, I'll try to keep this relatively clean. Garry, when did we first meet?

GWS makes small talk - Probably back in 1995 or so I was running around with Mike Knapp.

Norris warms to the conversation - Oh yes, Mike Knapp - a rather serious fellow. We used to go out for beers, but after a while I had to discourage it. Those outings got to be such a drain, always such discussions about economics and Marxist theory.

GWS anxiously - Yea that guy was always talking about six feet over my head. I see him every no and then walking around down town with his posse.

Norris - Did you go to the fair Garry?

GWS apologetically and with small irritation - No, my daddy was too cheap to pay for parking and he heard a rumor that they were selling water and that was that, but my neighbor Jason went and he still holds it over my head still to this day.

GWS thinking fast - How often did you go?

Norris fondly reminisces - I had a season pass and went most days and nights.

GWS - What did you think when you first heard the worlds fair was coming to town?

Norris with animated facial expressions - It was laughable, everyone just laughed we thought it was the biggest pic in the sky. Everybody thought it would be nipped in the bud but it wasn't until a year before it opened we thought "Wow" this thing is really gonna happen. Then we thought it was gonna be a monumental failure. Who is going to come to Knoxville for anything? Well, eleven million people came over six months. It was great fun; like a six month party. Employers were real lenient with employees because they wanted to go. It really loosened things up around here.

GWS - What was the best thing that happened to you at the fair?

Norris plainly states - The best thing that happened to me was the Hungarian pavilion. I was working at the local NPR affiliate WUOT. Well, the Hungarian pavilion had this huge classical music collection. Their brands were Qualitone and Guaritone and I drooled over their list and the guy gave me this catalogue which



THE 1982 WORLD'S FAIR
MAY-OCTOBER, 1982 KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE USA

was amazing. He told me to look over and see what we would like. We'll list the was big with lots of obscure Hungarian composers, lots of Bartok. I told him, just give us what you can, and three months later we received several large boxes in the mail. It was their complete collection. Their pavilion also had a restaurant.

GWS - Wasn't it those Hungarian fellows who brought the Rubik's cube.

Norris - Yes, I suppose they did I think their restoring it and trying to find some place to put it.

GWS - What was your favorite thing about the World's Fair?

Norris with glee warms to his subject matter - I've always been crazy about fireworks and of the twenty-five countries that displayed, each one had a week to showcase their culture and construct a fireworks display. All of the displays were done down by Calhoun's on the river. The whole area of Neyland Drive was one long boardwalk for various pavilions. My parents took me to see fireworks as a small child and evidently I screamed the entire time, but since I've been entirely fascinated. I remember the Dutch fireworks and the Japanese fireworks were completely silent and inspiring. Needless to say, the we (US) got to do ours on the 4th of July, they just had to show off. So, they opened up Neyland Stadium and the symphony gave a concert, the first of our since annual July 4th concerts. Well, their display was simply the grossest, loudest, and most over the top fireworks you could possibly imagine.

GWS - What was the Australian pavilion like? I hear they always had a great bar.

Norris - Of course they had a delightful section devoted entirely to Koala Bears.

GWS with a world weary thousand yard stare - Yea, they always gotta whip out the Koala Bears.

Norris displays deep understanding - Yes, yes, they do.

GWS - Do you remember the US pavilion?

Norris makes his case - The US pavilion was in the lake on the south edge it was a wedge shaped thing not too unlike one of the hotels (Marriot) it was a seven story building open all the way to the top. It was too impractical to heat or cool and couldn't readily be converted to anything. They tore it down. I remember in the top it had a fabulous huge neon sculpture that was absolutely fascinating. It had every color of the rainbow with various swirls. To this day I still don't know what happened to that sculpture. Probably it was smashed by the wrecking ball.

GWS bites lustily into his deep fried cod - What was the best fun you had?

Norris, warming to his subject matter states plainly - The best fun by far was the Flamingo Club. It was located on the top floor of the Candy Factory. The bottom floors were used as a folk art area. The lounge was open from 3PM to 3AM. You couldn't get into the club unless you paid to get into the fair. A number of would arrive at the fair around ten thirty or so, as the park closed at 11PM. It was truly an international crowd. The closest thing Knoxville has ever had to a creature cantina, you know from the Star Wars movies. Talk about diversity. Out of the 185 days it operated I think I was there for 100 of them.

Norris continues without prompting - Knoxville is really not doing anything to commemorate the fair. We'll be doing the concert on July 4th and playing some of the original fair music. Do you remember the Energy Express? It was a "modern energy efficient" that circumnavigated the park. It had this theme music that blasted incessantly and drove all the employees absolutely insane.

Maniacal laughter rises from the bowels of GWS - Muuwww ----
hahahahaaaahhah!!!

THE U.S.
PAVILION
FEATURES
SIX
CANTILEVERED
CANTILEVERED
EXHIBIT
LEVELS
TRACING THE
UNITED STATES'
ENERGY
SOURCES, HISTORY
& FUTURE, THE
FINALE IS A VISIT
TO THE IMAX
THEATER
SHOWING A
MOVIE ESP.
PRODUCED FOR THE
BIGGER THAN
LIFE 65x90 FOOT
SCREEN THIS
PREMIER
INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITION OF
THE DELADE
FEATURES
COLORFUL
DISPLAYS
AND EXCITING
ENTERTAINMENT.

- FROM BACK OF FAIR POSTCARD



THE 1982 WORLD'S FAIR MAY-OCTOBER, 1982 KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE USA



"RENTAL CAR"
WAS THE FIRST
HE WENT TO
WAS THE FIRST
NATIONAL GUARD
HE WENT TO
MILITARY WHEN
HE RETIRED
WELL ONE TIME
THEY NEEDED A
KITCHEN SINK FOR THE DRILL CENTER
WHY THEY DIDNT JUST GO OUT & BUY ONE →

Norris - Garry, the concert will be on the south lawn of the World's Fair Park.

Norris continues with enthusiasm - You know the only thing culturally to survive the fair were dilly boppers and Petros. My internet searches reveal that Petros are only located in Nashville & Knoxville. It doesn't seem the franchise has ever really gripped the nation with any enthusiasm.

GWS - I've never had any Petros before.

Norris with shock & awe - Heavens to betsy Garry, you call yourself a connoisseur of the fair! You should be ashamed of yourself.

GWS with humility - I am Norris, I am.....

Norris in hushed tones speaking over the remains of his deep fried cod - There is theory behind the fact that not more is being done to celebrate the fair. Well, you see Garry the Democrats brought the fair to town. Randy Tyree was the mayor. He pulled off the biggest upset in Knoxville political history when he defeated Carl Testerman's reelection attempt. The money for the fair came from the Carter administration, a democrat. In those days, Knoxville was much more Republican especially in the city. All this could be a theory but.....

GWS - Did you ever go inside the Sunsphere?

Norris eating French Fries - You bet, there was a restaurant and an observation deck. What I've always wondered about the Sunsphere is why did they build it down in the low area next to the bridge. They built the damn thing in what is essentially a hole. The only way it looks impressive is driving South on I-275. From that direction it looks pretty nice.

Norris boldly forays into uncharted subject matter - The pavilions that drew the biggest lines were the Chinese and the Peruvians. The Chinese stuff was just so exotic then and they brought that big chunk of the Great Wall with them. The Peruvians had this fascinating display about Mayan culture which I'm painfully lacking in any knowledge of their history whatsoever. The Saudi Arabian pavilion was also interesting. They had this huge map of the Middle East it was exactly complete, with one notable exception. There was no Israel on their map.

GWS gasping for air - hahaaaaaaahhhhhhaahahaha your kidding Norris tell me your making that shit up man.

Norris with complete sincerity - No Garry, I'm not kidding.

GWS promptly changing the story - Soooooo Norris what kind of souvenirs did you pick up?

Norris with constraint - I'm not too much of souvenir guy but I do have two vintage T-shirts. I might wear them to the concert, but it might be a little embarrassing.....Norris gesture to his belt.....I was a pretty skinny guy in 1982, and I'm scared that now I might split the shirt.

GWS with compassion - You could get a reproduction T-shirt you know they're remaking them now.

Norris - It's not the same at all. With the new licensing agreements the reproductions are not allowed to use the same colors. The other thing I have is a little spoon for my sugar bowl and I still use it everyday. Oh and my nightlights. I have two Worlds Fair nightlights, but I don't use them anymore because the way they made you can't change the bulbs out. My absolute favorite item I bought on the last day of the fair. It's essentially a cigarette tray and it has this gorgeous worlds fair logo and its supposed to be an ashtray but it is a wonderful, wonderful pot

rolling tray. I have used it ever since and I have never, ever washed it so there is pot residue and DNA there from 1982. That is my favorite item.

GWS quizzically – What was the last day like?

Norris with fond reminiscence – Big crowd, very nostalgic there were only a handful of days with attendance of over one hundred thousand, and this was one of those days. The rides for the fair, the midway was all down along Neyland Drive and they supposedly had the worlds largest Ferris wheel.

GWS with stern overtones – Norris, have you suffered remorse and great longing for the Ferris wheel?

Norris perplexed – Why no Garry, no I've not. There was a really long line and I just couldn't fool with it.

Norris unabated continues – The Worlds Fair was a great thing for Knoxville. I think Knoxville had a great inferiority complex and of course the NYT referred to us as "that scruffy little city" and it was. That we managed to pull it off really helped the city's image. After it was over we went into a funk for about a year. Imagine if you had thrown a huge party, all the planning and preparation of years went into planning this six month party. Then you have it and "poof" it's gone, it's over, now what? The party was over and we went into a funk for at least a year and that had a lot to do with redevelopment at the Worlds Fair site. Lots of ideas were put forward, but nothing got going.

GWS straining to come up with a last question or two – Anything else memorable on the last day?

Norris finishing his meal, and wiping crumbs from his chin – There were three hotels built for the fair.

GWS not buying it – What about the Expo Inn?

Norris taken aback – Haahaaahahaha, Yes the Expo Inn, I bet a lot of people have been procreated out of that place! There was also the Hilton, the Crown Plaza, and the Holiday Inn was down across from Baptist Hospital. You can see a remnant of it behind the Greek Deli. Also at this time, Knoxville had its liquor by the drink referendum which I will always think was completely rigged because all the churches were so well organized. The pro-liquor people were always wanting to have another drink. Out of the 44,000 votes cast the pro-liquor folks won by only 400 votes.

GWS - Were they enraged at their loss Norris?

Norris - They were more than enraged. You see Garry the only thing they thought they were voting on was.....and it was pure fraud what they did....all they thought they were voting on was whether bars could offer liquor by the drink, but when this bill passed you started having sales on Sundays, bars could stay open till 3AM. It wasn't on the ballot, nobody knew all those details. It was a great fraud. Also while this was going on the Hyatt Regency hotel was being built and the deal with the city was if this liquor by the drink didn't pass this hotel was going to be turned into a high-rise senior citizens center.

GWS marvels at Norris's tale of intrigue and laughs heartily - HAAAhhhhaAAAHFHaaaa aahahhhahahahahahah

GWS – Thank you so much for your time Norris.

U-J-W-C-V
does the
leather needed
I else to buy!
it made wax needed
relative J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J-J
while it was a
hairs falling

$$37. \int \frac{dx}{x(a+bx)} = -\frac{1}{a} \log \frac{a+bx}{x}$$

$$38. \int \frac{dx}{x(a+bx)^2} = \frac{1}{a(a+bx)} - \frac{1}{a^2} \log \frac{a+bx}{x}$$

$$39. \int \frac{dx}{x^2(a+bx)} = -\frac{1}{ax} + \frac{b}{a^2} \log \frac{a+bx}{x}$$

$$40. \int \frac{dx}{x^3(a+bx)^2} = -\frac{a+2bx}{a^2x(a+bx)} + \frac{2b}{a^3}$$

FORMS CONTAINING $c^2 \pm x^2$, x^2

$$41. \int \frac{dx}{c^2+x^2} = \frac{1}{c} \tan^{-1} \frac{x}{c} \text{ or } \frac{1}{c} \sin^{-1} \frac{x}{\sqrt{c^2+x^2}}$$

$$42. \int \frac{dx}{c^2-x^2} = \frac{1}{2c} \log \frac{c+x}{c-x} \text{ or } \frac{1}{c} \tanh^{-1} \left(\frac{x}{c} \right)$$

$$43. \int \frac{dx}{x^2-c^2} = \frac{1}{2c} \log \frac{x-c}{x+c} \text{ or } -\frac{1}{c} \coth^{-1} \frac{x}{c}$$

FORMS CONTAINING $a+bx$ AND a'

$$44. \int \frac{dx}{(a+bx)(a'+b'x)} = \frac{1}{ab'-a'b} \log \left(\frac{a+bx}{a'+b'x} \right)$$

$$45. \int \frac{x dx}{(a+bx)(a'+b'x)} = \frac{1}{ab'-a'b} \left[\frac{a}{b} \log \frac{a+bx}{a'+b'x} - \frac{a'}{b'} \log \frac{a'+b'x}{a'+b'x} \right]$$

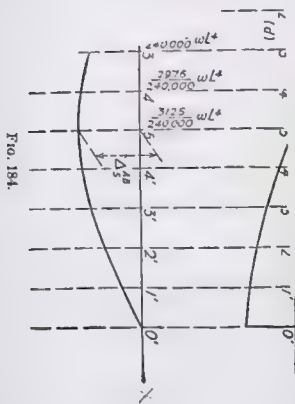
$$46. \int \frac{dx}{(a+bx)^2(a'+b'x)} = \frac{1}{ab'^2-a'b^2} \left(\frac{1}{a+bx} + \frac{b}{a'+b'x} \right)$$

$$47. \int \frac{x dx}{(a+bx)^2(a'+b'x)} = \frac{-a}{b(ab'^2-a'b^2)(a+bx)} - \frac{a'}{(ab'^2-a'b^2)(a'+b'x)}$$

$$48. \int \frac{x^2 dx}{(a+bx)^2(a'+b'x)} = \frac{a^2}{b^2(ab'^2-a'b^2)(a+bx)} + \frac{1}{(ab'^2-a'b^2)} \left[\frac{a^2}{b^2} \log \frac{a+bx}{a'+b'x} + \frac{a(ab'-2a')}{b^3} \log \frac{a'+b'x}{a'+b'x} \right]$$

$$49. \int \frac{dx}{(a+bx)^m(a'+b'x)} = \frac{1}{(a+bx)^{m-1}(a'+b'x)} - \frac{1}{(m-1)(ab'^2-a'b^2)} \int \frac{dx}{(a+bx)^{m-1}(a'+b'x)}$$

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On the Production and Consumption of Carbonic Acid by Andrew Owen.

Andrew Owen is the South Knoxville Illuminated Gazetteer's officially sanctified home improvement guru and scientist provocateur. When not teaching his 7 year old son the subtle arts of ninjitsu and silent death, Andrew enjoys reading the financial pages and practicing his knot tying skills with his wife, Nadine

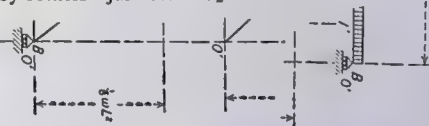
Carbonic acid, H_2CO_3 , is also known as hydrogen bicarbonate, the molecule formed by combining carbon dioxide with water. Water that contains carbonic acid is said to be carbonated, bubbly, seltzer, or sparkling. I like to drink bubbly water mixed with whiskey, as the carbonic acid is entertainingly fizzy, doesn't interfere with the flavor of the liquor, has no calories, and speeds the alcohol's absorption into the bloodstream.

I learned to appreciate sparkling water when I was traveling outside the country, where it presents two real advantages over flat water. The first is that it's much harder for an unscrupulous restaurateur to refill bubbly water bottles with local water of questionable purity. The second is that since it lowers the pH of the water, carbonation discourages the growth of some microbes. Obviously, the potential health benefits tend to be outweighed if your carbonated water has been adulterated with high fructose corn syrup, caffeine, etc.

Here in the States, it was my wife that got me hooked on bubbly water. While it is preferable to flavor the seltzer with whiskey, the vast majority of the time we drink it plain or with a little lemon or lime juice added. Much like ice, bubbles make drinking water more fun. But how do they get the bubbles in there?

Carbonation can be carried out in different ways.

Bicarbonate salts, like Alka-Seltzer, fizz nicely but don't do much to carbonate a beverage. Yeast releases carbon dioxide as a byproduct of its metabolic processes, thus allowing the carbonation of beer and champagne. But for people who don't want to be yeast farmers, the most efficient way to add bubbles to a beverage is the method used by bottlers - just force CO_2 into it.



I LL NEVER KNOW, BUT THAT AINT THE WAY
 MY DADDY ROLLS, WELL
 OFF THEY GO FOR THEIR
 2 WEEKS TRAINING DOWN
 AT FORT STEWART.
 BACK IN THEM DAYS
 THE GAURD WAS
 JUST A BUNCH OF BEER
 DRINKING & HARD
 BOILED ELY & EATING
 GOOD OLD BOYS
 SO, THIER DOWN AT
 CAMP & DAD IS DRIVING
 AROUND & SEES THIS
 CHOW HALL LOOKING
 KINDA ABANDONED. HE STARTS TA THINKING,
 WHEELS TURNING, SMOKE BOILING OFF THE
 TOP OF HIS HEAD, WHILE THIS IS GOING ON HE
 COMES UP WITH A PLAN. NEXT DAY HE
 GATHERS UP A WORK DETAIL..... →

friends who drink soda have given me a few empty bottles. To ensure a ready supply of bottles and ice, we put a bit of water in the bottles and store them in the freezer. To ensure a ready supply of fresh water, I try to remember to pay the water bill on time.

The CO₂ will eventually run out. A good estimate for our five-pound tank is that it will have to be refilled every six months or so at a cost of about \$24 a year. Had we gotten a twenty pound tank, refilling would be every two years rather than twice a year, and at a cost of maybe \$10 a year. However, the extra expense due to having a smaller tank is negligible when you consider what we were spending buying bubbly water in the store. We each drank an average of four cans, a 48 oz Big Gulp worth, of Big K brand bubbly water a day - together, about \$1.40 per day.

Adding it all up, we were spending nearly \$500 a year buying seltzer. To put this in context, this is roughly what the average American household spends on alcoholic beverages each year. Of course, the household production and consumption of ethyl alcohol, also known as C₂H₅OH, grain alcohol, and ethanol, is an entirely different subject.



Texas Pete's
All American & Country is back!

TEXAS PETE'S HOT SAUCE ARTICLE

HOT SAUCE! The name says it all. A spicy addition too any meal, need zing to that drab old meatloaf, a dash just won't do me. I lay it on thick and heavy like a wet blanket. If I'm not wincing in pain, mouth afire with pleasure then what good is it. As a child it started, like everything else by watching my dad add a few careful drops of Tabasco to his chili. Damn that man could make a chili. Six months later, we were using the family-size "32 ounce" and pouring it on like gravy. Needless to say we were addicted, but hey that's the way my family roles if it ain't meth, alcohol, prescription tranquilizers, or food it's some other vice. One thing is for certain, we were and continue to be enthusiastic and ravenous consumers of hot sauce. Our tastes range far and wide from Tabasco to Louisiana Hot Sauce (blazing sun o' glory). My own personal hot sauce journey coincides with my arrival in Knoxville and the discovery of the Mexican food section at the Kroger's Grocery Store. I thought I'd reached the promised land, the label depicted an earnest little man wearing a sombrero. He beckoned to me "Tapitio" was his name and burning the shit out of my mouth was his game. So much spicy hot flavor.....my senses reeled with delight and joy (I'm typing this up at the local Star-Chucks...horrible, horrible idea....teenagers everywhere....screaming) Needless to say the world of Picante sauces was laid bare before me much like an exotic, fertile, and virginous land yearning to be trod upon, and trod I did, for years "Tapitio" has held a place of honor and exaltation in my kitchen. That is until recently.

About six months ago, while eating a gyro at my favorite Greek deli in South Knoxville I asked for some hot sauce. I received a generic bottle of off-orange viscous liquid. Fearful, I used only a small amount. The taste was spicy, but not overpowering. Hot yet mild, a better marriage of flavor I've never encountered. It was sweet, magic, heaven in my mouth. Love doesn't do it justice. I was hooked. "Vera, what kind of hot-sauce is this?" I humbly/nonchalantly asked so as not to give away my deep longing desire to know the origins of this mysterious delight. "Garry, I think its Texas Pete's" TEXAS PETE! I had heard of that before, seen it at the grocery store, but never had I tried it. Glory be to the Gods of things hot and tasty!

Concocted of vinegar, salts, and peppers too numerous too mention Texas Pete's origins stretch back to the era when our beloved country was in the midst of the Great Depression. In

← SPECIAL LADY-FRIENDS WISTFULLY
CONTEMPLATES THE INHERANT
GASTRONOMICAL RAPTURE OF TEXAS
PETE'S HOT SAUCE



HE CAN DO THAT CAUSE
HE'S SARGENT FIRST CLASS
JAMES ROBERT SHORES BY
GOD! HE LOADS HIS PEOPLE



1929, one Thad W. Garner(freemason) invested his savings in a Florida owned "Dixie Pig Barbecue Stand". Rights to the stand also included a handwritten recipe for barbecue sauce. Thad quickly began to sell this sauce to local restaurants in the Winston-Salem North Carolina area. Supposedly from this exposure he was led to "develop" the sauce from which all future success's would flow. My personal theory after much research and archeological "work" is that this "handwritten recipe" is nothing less than the treasure of the Knight Templar! Guarded so zealously from the inquisition, secreted from France and smuggled to Ireland it was kept secret. The Texas Pete recipe is truly none other than Mary Magdalene's recipe for "three spice sauce" as it was known in medieval times. From such humble beginnings a vast empire of hot sauce related products and merchandise have arisen. For example, Texas Pete's hot sauce is the official hot sauce of the Royal Navy. The only American food-product to ever be so honored. Furthermore, ole Texas Pete was considered a mascot for the 1988 Summer Olympics. He was beaten out by Sam the Eagle. Finally, the true history of Texas Pete Hot Sauce can be revealed to a populace starving for the real truth.

UP IN A TRUCK WITH LAWN MOWERS/RAKES/
SHOVELS AND WHAT NOT, DRIVES EVERYBODY OUT
TO THE VACANT CHOW HALL. HE TELLS EVERYBODY TO GET
BUSY & ACT LIKE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN, WHILE
THEIR BUSY MOWING/DIGGING/RAKING MY DADDY & HIS
BUDDY "TOAD" START TO WORK PICKING THE LOCK BOUT
AN HOUR LATER THE YARDS ALL TRIMMED UP, THE
SINK IS COVERTLY REAPPROPRIATED INTO THE
BACK OF THE TRUCK AND NEXT WEEK THE
DRILL CENTER HAS A BRAND NEW DEEP SINK
FOR THE KITCHEN — ALL TRUE
GWS

NEW BOOK SERIES NOTIFICATION

Motivational books are a huge success the world over. In my unending quest to exploit lucrative markets for financial profit I have reinvented myself as a motivational story-teller. In this vein I am currently seeking stories from you the reader. Do you have a motivational story of your own? Were you or someone close to you involved in a ~~was~~ fatal or mostly fatal incident from which you learned time-honored folksy wisdom? Would you be willing to tell me this story so that I might change the names and places of those involved and in turn make a handsome profit for myself? If you answered yes to these three questions contact me today, don't delay.

Suggested titles for the forthcoming series of short spiritually enhanced stories designed to uplift the spirit, renew the soul, invigorate the feeble minded, and quite literally raise the dead from their graves!

Shrimp Scampi for the Lactose Intolerant Soul

Spinach Maria for the Gluttonous Jelly Roll

Gazpacho for the Expatriates' World Weary Soul

Coffee, Black, No Cream, No Sugar for the Straight-Edge Hipster Soul

Beef & Broccoli Soup for the Poll-Dancers Soul

Bacon Strips With Marbles for the Toddlers Soul

Vienna Sausages for the "I Don't Know Anybetter" Soul

Extra Thick & Creamy Salsa Ranch Doritos for the Verizon Taos, N.M. He also muttered something unintelligible about two cantinas and three senoritas.

corners, place the level compass on the map and step back a trifle
... final accurate reading.

Many cheap compasses have no means of "sighting," i.e., holding it at eye level and looking through it or its mirror to line yourself up accurately with terrain or landmarks in your chosen direction. The solution is that when you wish to choose a specific direction, get your compass reading, select an unmistakable, immovable landmark such as a distinctive hill or whatever and walk directly toward that. I mention immovable because I once had a buddy who took a dead reckoning on a heifer and didn't make it back to our Colorado camp for 82 hours. He finally arrived disheveled, tawdry, red-nosed, with horrible bags under his eyes and vague references to passing through Taos, N.M. He also muttered something unintelligible about two cantinas and three senoritas.

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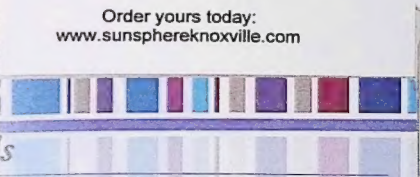
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